

# CARNEGIE

## MAGAZINE

CARNEGIE  
INSTITUTE

CARNEGIE  
INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

CARNEGIE  
LIBRARY

VOLUME X

PITTSBURGH, PA., MAY 1936

NUMBER 2



AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

By MARIANNE STOKES

(See Page 40)

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

### THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME X                      NUMBER 2  
MAY 1936

How poor are they that have not patience!  
What wound did ever heal, but by degree?  
—OTHELLO

♦♦♦

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MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

♦♦♦

The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.  
—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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#### BON JOUR, MRS. DRAKE!

No movement of any kind that is going to be useful to society can ever be successful unless it receives the dynamic energy of one individual who is endowed with the essential quality of leadership. The Pittsburgh Playhouse is a thing that had long been hospitably but drowsily sheltered in the minds of many of the cultured citizens of this community. Although no one had breathed the breath of life upon it, it seemed necessary in these days when the legitimate theater is having such a hard struggle for existence, and in order to keep its drama alive, to have for its nourishment a local habitation and a name. But where? How? Theaters and their equipment and operation cost money, and time, and brains. But one day last winter Mrs. James Frank Drake called a group of friends to meet her in the Carnegie Institute, and after a half hour of discussion the Playhouse was potentially brought into existence. Mrs. Drake chose the old German Club at 222 Craft Avenue, and there she has installed her theater in a beautiful auditorium with three hundred softly cushioned arm chairs, a completely equipped stage, and a company of talented Pittsburgh players under competent professional direction, where we have already witnessed some delightful acting in absorbing plays. On an upper floor there are art displays, and in the basement Bohemia yields the materials which lead to the discovery of its sea-coast. And now, through ten months of every year, Mrs. Drake has made it possible, through her combination of vision and energy, to keep Pittsburgh abreast of the drama at its best, and safe against the final attacks of Hollywood.

#### OUR SCULPTURE ARTICLES

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I congratulate you on your policy in your February edition of running an article about one of the beautiful art objects in the Hall of Architecture of the Institute. Please publish more articles of this nature. Such an article makes browsing in the Institute rooms a truly happy adventure and helps to educate all of us who pass through the Institute halls, often giving us values in appreciation that make daily living a real joy. I hope Miss Alter will "cover" your fine sculptural and architectural examples by turn in a series of like articles. Your Magazine provides excellent food for thought.

—GWENDOLIN NIEMANN

The art object referred to in this kind letter is a replica of the tomb of the last rulers of Brittany. Other descriptions of similar pieces in the Institute collections will appear from time to time.

#### AGRICULTURE IN OLDEN TIMES

Thou shalt plant vines upon the mountains of Samaria: the planters shall plant, and shall eat them as common things.

—JEREMIAH, 31:5

# SHAKESPEARE AT HIS BIRTHPLACE

By B. IDEN PAYNE

*Director of the Stratford upon Avon Festival Company*

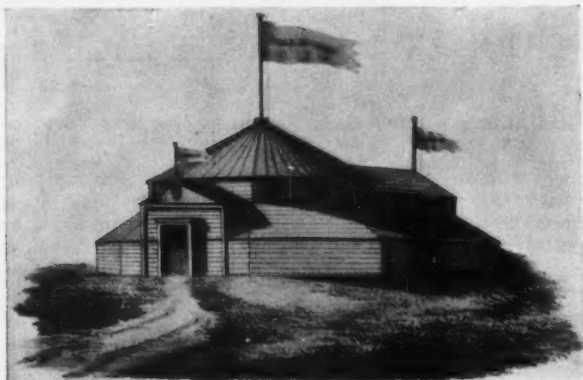


WHEN Shakespeare was born there nearly four hundred years ago, Stratford upon Avon, to give the official title—in practice the preposition is usually abbreviated—was a small country market town

situated in the heart of rural England. It is a small country market town today, numbering only about twelve thousand inhabitants. The tide of nineteenth-century commercialism reached a point twenty miles or so from the town, but within that distance the fertile, well-wooded, undulating Warwickshire countryside has remained inviolate. The town itself has acquired very few marks of modernity, and for its own sake would deserve to be visited by lovers of antiquity. But there are many other towns equally picturesque which are quite unknown to fame; undoubtedly it is the Shakespearean association that has given the main impetus to Stratford on Avon's celebrity. Playwriting, if not despised, was not held in particularly high esteem in Elizabethan and Jacobean times, and the eighteenth century had arrived before Shakespeare's literary reputation began to be pre-eminent. Early inquirers for traces of Shakespeare in the town must have been met with puzzled incredulity at the curiosity displayed. Sometimes their eagerness aroused actual animosity, as in the case of the more Puritanic inhabitants, whose sense of decency was outraged at what was regarded as the idolatry displayed toward a mere actor and scribbler of plays. Gradually, of

course, the possibility of the exploitation of this eccentricity must have dawned upon their consciousness, to be canvassed more and more until it now dominates the town—perhaps too aggressively.

To admire Shakespeare is generally to lose your heart to him. The interest in Stratford on Avon as his birthplace increased with the growth of his supremacy; by the middle of the eighteenth century it had expanded considerably, and in 1769 the first celebration of his birthday of any organized importance was held at the initiative and under the guidance of David Garrick. This Jubilee, as it was called, seems to have been in its way a very brilliant affair, though one can hardly stifle a feeling of surprise on finding that banquets, balls, and horse racing were the principal items of attraction, dramatic performances being relegated to the background. This Jubilee was an isolated affair; and it was not until 1827, when the first theater dedicated to Shakespearean celebration was erected, that regular performances of the plays were given in Stratford on Avon. This small wooden erection of 1827 was visited by many celebrated actors, including the Keans—father and son—Macready, Dillon, and Mrs. Nisbett; and although the performances were not restricted to Shakespeare, all the efforts of the supporters did not succeed in making the theater flourish, and it gradually fell into disuse. But in 1864 the opportunity of the tercentenary of the poet's birth was seized upon to inaugurate a celebration on a much more ambitious scale than had ever before been achieved. For this purpose a similar but much larger theater than that of 1827 was built, and the public response, especially in London,



THE FIRST THEATER DEDICATED TO SHAKESPEAREAN CELEBRATION

At that time called a pavilion, this building was built in 1827 at Stratford on Avon. Its activities did not prosper and it was eventually abandoned.

exceeded all expectations. As in Garrick's celebration, much emphasis was placed on the social side of the event, but there was also a series of performances of the plays, in which Buckstone, Compton, Creswick, and Sothern—all of them prominent actors of the period—took part.

The success of the Tercentenary Festival was unquestionable; local enthusiasm ran high, and an agitation for the establishment of more permanent headquarters was begun. In 1872 the temporary theater was pulled down so that the ground on which it stood might be restored to its former estate as part of the garden belonging to New Place, Shakespeare's home after his retirement from London. The moment was opportune; in any case, something had to be done to supply the old theater's place, and in 1875 a group of prominent Stratford on Avon men, led by the late Charles Flower, the father of the present chairman of the council, formed themselves into an association for the establishment of a permanent memorial to Shakespeare. This was to take the form, primarily, of a theater, but there was to be included a library and art gallery devoted to the collection of editions of Shakespeare's works and Shakespeareana generally, as

well as of paintings bearing upon Shakespeare and the production of his plays. This movement was so vigorous and so well supported that it reached its consummation in 1877, when the old Memorial Theater was opened on the banks of the Avon with a performance of "Much Ado About Nothing," in which Helen Faucit played Beatrice to the Benedick of Barry Sullivan. Since that

date the annual festivals associated with Shakespeare's birthday have, apart from temporary setbacks, grown in interest and importance. The figures of the attendances at the performances are, of course, only one indication but they are instructive. Roughly four thousand people paid for admission at the first festival in the old Memorial Theater, and ten years later there were, equally roughly, ten times as many. The increase in the length of the festival, to which reference will be made later, is the most positive evidence of the surge of popular interest.

In 1886 the council appointed F. R. Benson (now Sir Frank Benson) as director of the festival company. The Benson company was then an important factor in the English provincial theater, touring as it did for most of the year with an accomplished group of actors in Shakespeare and Old English comedy. This company, frequently augmented by guest artists from the London theaters, came year by year to Stratford on Avon for the birthday festival, which was for some time of only about three weeks' duration. With the exception of the years 1889-90, when the performances were directed by the late Osmond Tearle, and of 1895, when Philip Ben Greet (now Sir Philip Ben Greet) took

charge of the productions, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Benson and their company were responsible for the festivals up to the year 1914. During the Great War the festivals were, naturally, irregular and of much less importance than they had, formerly been, but with the cessation of hostilities they were revived. In 1919 W. Bridges-Adams was appointed the director, and he continued to have charge of the festivals until 1934, when he resigned.

The old Memorial Theater was burned down on March 8, 1926—the library, however, being saved—and an immediate appeal for funds for a new theater was made. The response must have exceeded all expectations. It is surely a most striking illustration of the tremendous force of Shakespeare's name that over \$1,750,000 was subscribed from all parts of the world, and especially from the United States of America, so that it was not long before a new and much finer theater was in course of erection on the former site. During the building of this theater the festivals were not discontinued; the company was able to find a temporary home in a local picture house, where they carried on until 1932, when on April 23 the present theater was opened

with much ceremony by the Prince of Wales (the present King Edward VIII). Among the addresses on that occasion was one by the American ambassador, Andrew W. Mellon.

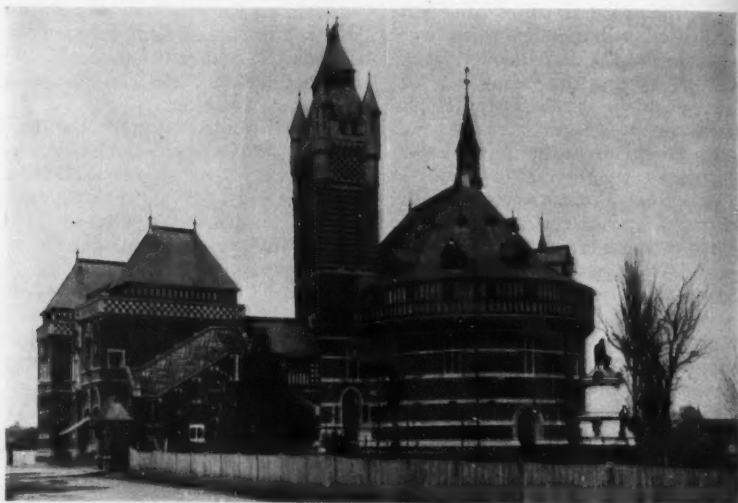
It was decided to make the designs for the new theater the subject of a competition open to the architects of Great Britain, Canada, and the United States. The designs selected by the committee were submitted by Miss Elizabeth Scott. At the time of their publication they were subjected to a certain amount of adverse criticism, especially of the exterior, and this criticism has continued in some quarters against the finished building. The gravamen of the charge, however, generally turns upon the modernity of the architecture, which is regarded by these critics as unsuitable to the antiquity of Stratford on Avon. When asked what style they would prefer, they are generally at a loss, and it is certainly true that there are few people who make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the building without finding that it has a dignity which impresses them more and more favorably until their detraction gives place to admiration, even if qualified. As a rule, the interior, which is very handsome,



THE SECOND THEATER, ERECTED IN THE YEAR OF THE TERCENTENARY—1864

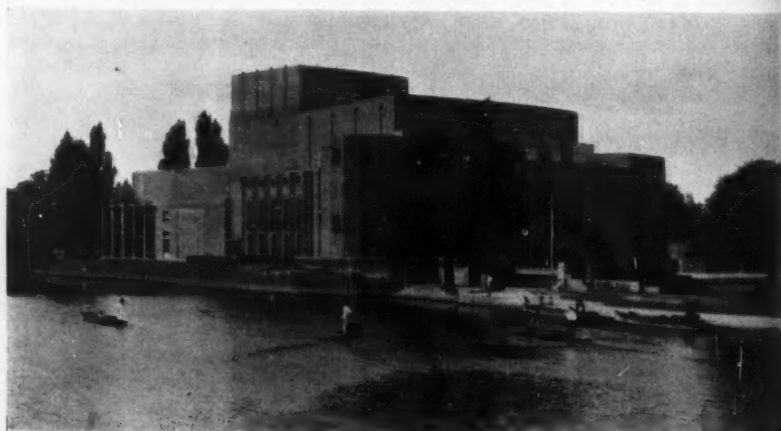
Built in Stratford's Southern Lane, this playhouse served as a temporary theater until 1872, when it was torn down so that the ground might be restored to Shakespeare's garden belonging to New Place—the poet's home after his retirement from active life in London.





**THE THIRD THEATER AND THE FIRST MEMORIAL, BEGUN IN 1877**

It was appropriately located on the banks of the Avon midway between the poet's birthplace on Henley Street and Holy Trinity Church, where he lies buried. Destroyed by fire in 1926, the playhouse, containing priceless costumes and properties, was reduced to a roofless shell. Only the connecting art gallery and library survived the conflagration.



**THE SECOND SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATER, COMPLETED IN 1932**

Erected on the same site, the new building is architecturally a striking contrast to its Victorian predecessor. The daring conception of the present theater is entirely in sympathy with the modern manner, and the effectiveness of its bold simplicity becomes increasingly apparent with time. The cost of this shrine was paid by international subscription.

is in spite of its modernity more quickly accepted. The auditorium, divided into stalls, dress circle, and gallery, was built to seat 1,050 people, and during the past winter the gallery has been enlarged to hold an additional 200. The proscenium is only thirty feet wide, but on both sides the stage extends into large bays. The purpose of this arrangement is to provide a rolling stage, fifteen feet wide, which can be moved in either direction to right or left, so that it is possible for a complete scene to be built at the side while the action of the play is in progress, ready thus at the conclusion of the scene to be rolled into position opposite the proscenium, a procedure which takes about thirty seconds. The rolling stage can also be divided in the middle to permit platform stages to be lifted from below. These mechanical devices make it easy to introduce most elaborate scenic productions when a director happens to be interested in that form of dramatic representation.

Apart from the theater activities, the birthday celebrations in the town on April 23, which is also St. George's Day, are a picturesque institution. The principal streets of the little town are decorated with flagstaves with the banners and flags of all the nations of the world. In the center of the town at the head of the main street stands the largest flagstaff bearing the union jack presented by the late King. Until the appointed hour of noon all the national flags are kept furled, and shortly beforehand the ambassadors and other representatives of the countries who have come to take part in the festival and pay their homage to Shakespeare assemble by their respective flagstaves. As the town clock strikes the hour each one pulls the cord that releases his country's flag, the band strikes up the national anthem, and everyone, including the spectators, joins in the singing. A procession is then formed, which passes along the decorated streets to the ancient collegiate church where Shakespeare lies buried. Flowers are placed

upon the tomb as the procession files by, and a short service follows. Afterwards a luncheon is held in the Conference Hall attached to the theater, where the Immortal Memory and the toast of the Drama are proposed and drunk. In the evening there is always a new production at the theater—in the past this has always been one of the less familiar works—which is known for the current season as the Birthday Play.

The growth of popular interest in the festivals has already been alluded to. In recent years this has been remarkable. After the construction of the first permanent theater the festival was of about three weeks' duration. Some years later a summer festival of four weeks was added in August, and the latter gradually extended into September. Finally after the opening of the new theater the festival was made continuous with no intermediate break. Last year the festival lasted for twenty-two weeks, and this year the run will be extended to twenty-four weeks—almost six months of uninterrupted performances. Much doubtless may be attributed to the charm of the surroundings. At Stratford on a summer's day, when the theater doors open upon the waters of the "silver Avon," radiant in sunshine and delicately reflecting the bordering willows, the spectator is certainly more likely to be in tune with the magic of Shakespeare's poetry than when he can only look out upon the noise and turmoil of crowded city streets. Nevertheless, the widespread response must surely be attributed to the dramatic power of the plays themselves. The audiences come from all directions, and from very far afield. The conversation in the foyer between the acts, especially in the holiday months of July and August, is as polyglot as the plage of the Riviera, with English of course predominating, and English, too, which tends to have a distinctly trans-Atlantic flavor, for American visitors far outnumber all others from abroad.

## A BOY'S PILGRIMAGE

[The Editor's attention was recently attracted to the following article in the *Journal of Adult Education* under the title "The More Abundant Life," which described the experience of a former Pittsburgh boy in his search for knowledge in the Carnegie Institute. The story begins in his early childhood when he was given his first books at the Carnegie Library—among them the French medieval romance of Aucassin and Nicolette, to which he had been drawn by his admiration of the painting of these guileless lovers in the Institute galleries. The picture is here reproduced on the Magazine cover and now hangs in the President's office in the Institute. The librarian who fed his hunger for good literature was Miss Mary Macrum, who passed away in 1910. Out of his interest in books grew many other cultural influences—he soon became a constant visitor to the organ recitals and to the art and science halls. He is now one of the vice presidents of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. The human interest of the story is so intimate that permission to reprint it was sought and obtained.]

LIFELONG learning, the more abundant life, self-education, self-development, the enrichment of adult life—these are the words and phrases that adult educationists have chosen to express their beliefs, their aspirations, and the ends toward which their efforts are directed. How such words and phrases degenerate into mere clichés, as they so often do, probably no one knows, least of all those of us who use them most habitually. They are rather like lenses which, through too frequent and too careless handling, have become so dimmed that they no longer clarify our vision but limit it instead. Then one day, perhaps over a luncheon table or before an open fire, someone tells us the story of his own self-education and, as if life's breath upon the lenses has made them clear again, we find ourselves once more looking not at but through them, seeing the realities beyond our words. This is such a story.

In the closing years of the last century, shortly after the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh had been founded, there came into the Library one day a young boy seeking help. He had come at the suggestion of his mother, who was a widow, and he wanted books in order that he might continue his education which had unavoidably been interrupted. The boy had a good foundation on which to build, for though he had completed only the seventh year of formal education when he was compelled to leave school and go to work, his father had been a teacher and his mother was a college woman. "The

poor proud homes you came out of are the greatest university of them all," James Matthew Barrie once told a group of Scottish university students. It was from such a home that this boy had come, a home in which education was highly prized. Moreover, in the work that he had undertaken he had soon learned that advancement came only to those who fitted themselves to receive it. And so, moved both by ambition and by a genuine desire for learning for its own sake, he sought the Library and asked for books.

What a day that would have been for the librarian to whom he came! So many boys and girls must have come to her wanting only the intellectual pabulum prescribed for the youth of those days or the tales of incredibly lucky and adventurous heroes or unbearably sentimental and saintly heroines which were offered for their entertainment. One can imagine what it must have meant to her to have a boy of his own will ask her for the best that she could give him.

The man who was that boy remembers with warm gratitude the sympathy and understanding with which he was received by the librarian and the personal interest that she showed in his problems and his needs. She began, quite wisely, by giving him a real hero, and though her choice was not unusual it was none the less a happy choice. It was Abraham Lincoln whom she chose. The boy read one life of Lincoln; then he asked for another, and still another, and another. It seemed that he could never have enough. But at this point



his mentor thought it wise to lead him on to other interests. She gave him fiction, beginning with some of the better novelists then popular, such as James Lane Allen. She introduced him to Thomas Bailey Aldrich and to Charles Dudley Warner. Among the English novelists whom he learned to admire and love, Charles Dickens was his favorite. By the time he was sixteen he had read many of the novels that Dickens wrote. The poets were not neglected—Shelley, Keats, Shakespeare. Of Shakespeare he read much, of Keats all. He came to know that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," not as a line from "Endymion," committed to memory that it might be quoted upon occasion, but as a living truth, learned by heart, and never to be forgotten.

Anything growing so rapidly as the mind of the boy was at this period needs more than one sort of nourishment. It is not surprising, therefore, that he was soon reaching out for music. This hunger, too, the activities of the Carnegie Institute both stimulated and appeased. In the large music hall, organ recitals given by world-famous organists could be heard without cost on Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons. The boy was among the many young people who attended these concerts regularly. Music lovers though these youngsters were, they had sometimes to be restrained by the ushers who were charged with the enforcement of the rule of absolute silence while the music was being played. Thus as a by-product of the intellectual and emotional enjoyment of music—a never-ending source of pleasure and refreshment—he and his concert companions acquired the habit of thoughtful consideration for others which, being too close to the subject to see all there is to see, he modestly suggests may make them better-than-average neighbors in an opera house or concert hall.

The other arts, too, played their part in the boy's development. Paintings especially appealed to him. In the days when he was growing up, the art gal-

leries of the Carnegie Institute had already established the practice of holding annual exhibitions of contemporary art. Fortunately for him, the boy's home was very near the galleries and, though he was working, he could make almost daily visits to the exhibitions. One day he saw a painting that aroused his particular interest and admiration. From the catalogue he learned that the picture was entitled "Aucassin and Nicolette." But to know only this was not enough. He wanted to know the story that lay behind those strange and charming names, the story that had inspired the painting of the picture. No one whom he consulted was able to tell it to him. He was disappointed but not discouraged. At last someone more resourceful than the rest suggested that he look the names up in an encyclopedia. This he did; and there he found, but only in the barest outline, the story he was seeking. Just enough to whet, but by no means to satisfy, his interest and curiosity. Off he went to the circulating department of the Library to get an English translation of the French thirteenth-century tale. The story of the trials and final happiness of those fair young lovers of so long ago enchanted him. As at an earlier stage of his development he had read one biography of Lincoln after another, so now he read all the English translations of the old romance on which he could lay his hands. So great was his love for the story that he could not content himself with mere passive enjoyment of it; he must do something about it. From time to time, as he could spare the money from necessary expenses, he began to buy the various versions and translations. Today he possesses a complete collection of Aucassin and Nicolette items: many editions and translations [165 different ones]—in prose, in poetry, and in song, and in several languages. Thus—so strangely do the influences that mold our lives come together and round out one another—one of his greatest literary enthusiasms developed out of a painting seen in an exhibition of art.

Another of his enthusiasms, which was come by in a manner equally indirect, had its beginning in the Hall of Sculpture of the Institute. A collection of reproductions of the work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens was on display. Among the plaques was one of Robert Louis Stevenson, with a few lines from the immortal "Requiem."

This was the boy's introduction to Stevenson. In a very short time R. L. S. came to occupy, as he did with so many of us of that generation, an abiding place in the boy's heart and on his library shelves.

Science, as well as the arts, had a place among the interests of those years. Once a year the boys and girls of Pittsburgh were induced to give more than a passing glance at the exhibits in the Carnegie Museum by being invited to take part in an essay-writing contest, the subject of each essay to be something seen in the Museum. Would you think a group of flamingos an inspiring subject? Perhaps not, at first thought, but it proved to be so to the lad who delved into a study of the birds, their habitat, and their ways. More than that, it was a subject which opened the way into an entirely new realm of knowledge. The boy became a member of the Andrew Carnegie Naturalist Society, frequently made Saturday excursions into the surrounding hills. They studied fossil formations, they visited Indian burying grounds, and looked into Indian-mound excavations. Some of the members—and you may be sure our boy was among them—followed up their new interests in their reading.

Desire for learning for its own sake was, as you may remember, only one of the incentives that led the boy to carry on his own education; the other was personal ambition, the desire to succeed in his work. Such vocational studies as he needed—and each advancement made a new skill or new knowledge necessary—were not available in the Carnegie Institute at that time, for the Institute of Technology, with its very full and excellent curriculum, was just in the pro-

cess of being formed. Therefore, for shorthand, which he needed badly, and for courses in chemistry and metallurgy, the boy went to the local Y. M. C. A., where his needs were admirably cared for in the evening classes.

Today he has what almost everyone would recognize as more than the equivalent of a college education in those fields in which he has studied. He has a rare appreciation of good literature, good music and art, and of nature; above all he has what is too seldom found among our college graduates—a genuine reverence for learning and an understanding of the part that it plays in human development.

Well, that is the story. Just another success story of a poor boy who became a rich man, you may say; but if you do, it will be because we have told the story so badly that you have entirely missed the point of it. We do not mean to disparage the material wealth which, in his later years, the boy has won, nor to overlook certain possessions which it has made possible, such as the Aucassin and Nicolette collection that has been mentioned, a large Lincoln library, a box at the opera, excellent works of art. But if we might be permitted a paradox, we would say that his material success is immaterial to our story. What we are concerned with here are those intangible values of the mind and spirit that the boy of forty years ago set out to gain and that the man of today makes manifest in what he says and does. His mental and spiritual growth imparts renewed reality to another of the phrases that we often use: He has made not only a living but a life—a more abundant life. And just as, in our school days, we would check the accuracy of a mathematical process by beginning with the answer and working backward, so now, thinking back over such a story as this, we feel that we can say of our great problem of adult education as we used to say of a little problem in arithmetic—and with a correspondingly greater sense of elation: It works; it proves!

# DRAWING AND ENGRAVINGS BY WILLIAM BLAKE

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE is presenting, through the courtesy of Lessing J. Rosenwald, an exhibition of drawings and engravings by William Blake (1757-1827). Most of the items in the exhibition are rare books containing illustrations drawn, and in many instances engraved, by Blake. In addition to the books there are a number of water-color drawings, also lent by Mr. Rosenwald. The exhibition is supplemented by a set of line engravings, "Illustrations of the Book of Job," which were added to the permanent collection of prints at the Carnegie Institute last year and are being shown for the first time.

There are occasions when the collector should be given his measure of praise. Lessing J. Rosenwald is one of the noted collectors of prints in this country, and the present exhibition demonstrates his taste, ability, and thoroughness as a connoisseur. Mr. Rosenwald not only searches out for his own satisfaction and secures for his collection the works of a given artist, but the reports and catalogues of American art museums disclose his constant generosity in lending them for the appreciation and education of the public.

The items in the Rosenwald Collection cover practically the entire career of William Blake as poet, printer, il-

lustrator, and engraver. In time of production, the first book in the collection is "The Book of Thel," of which Blake was the author, printer, and illustrator. Following it comes "The Poetical Works of John Scott, Esq.," for which Blake engraved two plates and two vignettes; "Original Stories" by Mary Wollstonecraft, for which he designed

and engraved six plates; and "The Gates of Paradise," containing sixteen of his designs. Then comes "There is No Natural Religion," one of the first of his illuminated books, of which only eight copies are known to exist. "Leonora" was the first book with designs by Blake but engraved by another. It contains a frontispiece and two vignettes engraved by Perry in line and stipple after designs by Blake. The frontispiece is exquisitely drawn



QUEEN CATHERINE'S DREAM  
WATER-COLOR DRAWING  
Lent by Lessing J. Rosenwald

and infused with great imagination so characteristic of the artist.

In the Rosenwald Collection are most of what are known as the "Prophetic Books." In this group is "America," particularly notable because it contains as an insert the original drawing of the frontispiece in pen and wash. Then comes "The Book of Urizen." This copy is unique not only for the glory of its color but also for the fact that in it Blake has made significant alterations peculiar to this copy alone. The next

item is "The Book of Ahania," which was printed by Blake in 1795. This is one of the most beautiful of his productions. It is the only copy known, and came into Mr. Rosenwald's possession from the Collection of the Earl of Crewe.

"The Song of Los," printed by Blake in 1795, consists of eight plates in relief etching colored with opaque pigment. "Jerusalem," the last of the prophetic books in this collection, was published in 1804. It contains a hundred plates printed in relief etching, in reddish brown, uncolored.

There are a number of other items in the Rosenwald Collection of particular interest to students of Blake. There are, for instance, "The Wir's Magazine" containing five folding plates engraved by Blake, "The Eagle—A Series of Ballads" issued in four parts and including six plates designed and engraved by him, and a first edition of a "Catalogue of Pictures—1809." This last is one of the three of his works printed in ordinary typography.

Blake's work in illustration is considered by many to be finer than his original conceptions in art. The outstanding example is "Young's Night Thoughts," for which Blake made 573 water-color drawings, of which only 43 were selected for publication, and these were reproduced as uncolored engravings. However, in the copy in the Rosenwald Collection the illustrations were colored by Mrs. Blake. After "Young's Night Thoughts" comes "The Grave" for which the etchings were made by Louis Schiavonetti after drawings by Blake. The copy of "The Grave" in the Rosenwald Collection is of unusual interest in that it has inserted in it a large number of proof plates of Blake's illustrations to "Young's Night Thoughts."

Last, but not least, are the "Illustrations of the Book of Job." There is a wealth of these in the exhibition, for the first set is in a book which is one of two known copies. It contains a complete set of the designs, unfinished

and without publisher's imprint. Then comes a particularly fine edition of "The Book of Job," and next the "Illustrations" in proof state owned by the Carnegie Institute.

The series of engraved designs "Illustrations of the Book of Job" were the chief work of the last years of William Blake, and they were a fitting climax to the career of this great genius. The idea of the series had been in Blake's mind for some thirty-five years. He had made twenty-one water colors which his friend, Thomas Butts, purchased from him. John Linnell, the painter, being impressed with the lofty and imaginative charm of the water colors, commissioned Blake to make a complete set of engravings from them, and so in 1825 there came into existence the famous "Inventions from the Book of Job," now known as the "Illustrations of the Book of Job." The conceptions of these grew not only from his meditations on the Bible but from his own life, which had been one of physical and intellectual suffering. In these engravings the highest imaginative qualities of Blake's mind are fused with his great technical skill, as he contemplated the theme—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Even in the very wealth of design they may be said to have simplicity, when one considers the grandeur of the subject and the complexity of the ideas involved in the ways of God with man. These engravings are acknowledged to constitute one of the greatest achievements in the whole course of English art.

The exhibition will continue through June 7.

J. O'C. JR.

#### TEMPLES OF HAPPINESS AND WISDOM

We are, for the first time in all history, building in our public libraries temples of happiness and wisdom common to us all. No other institution that society has brought forth is so wide in its scope; so universal in its appeal; so near to every one of us; so inviting to both young and old; so fit to teach, without arrogance, the ignorant and, without faltering, the wisest.

—JOHN COTTON DANA

## YOUNG RODINS AT CARNEGIE TECH

*Training Gifted High-School Students in Sculpture on Saturday Mornings*

BY DUDLEY CRAFTS WATSON

*Extension Lecturer of the Art Institute of Chicago*

[Dr. Watson, well-known in Pittsburgh through his many lectures at the Carnegie Institute on the International, is an American artist whose years of work as a lecturer, teacher, museum director, traveler, and writer on subjects pertaining to the arts have inspired scores of American communities to the application of art to every-day life, to happier and more constructive living, and to the actual creation of beauty. Because his interests take him to all parts of the United States, he constantly has a sensitive finger on the art pulse of America. One of his most earnest convictions concerns our obligation to awaken in youth the impulse toward beauty, and on a recent visit he became so enthusiastic about the unique way in which the Carnegie College of Fine Arts is sharing its training facilities with talented students in secondary schools that we have asked him to describe one of the classes for our readers.]



PROFESSOR JOSEPH BAILEY ELLIS, working with labels and checking lists, looked up from a pile of sculptures strewn over the floor of a gallery at the Carnegie Institute and said, "Why, yes, these were all done by

high-school boys and girls."

I could hardly believe it and I was still incredulous until we drove over to the College of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, where I beheld many examples of the sculptural achievements of a special group of young students accepted for special Saturday morning study there upon the recommendation of the art teachers in the high schools of greater Pittsburgh. Here I saw a very convincing proof of the rising art powers of younger America, a prophecy of a vital outlet for the creative energy to be spent in the increasing leisure.

There is no art medium more joyous to participate in or more direct as a means of self-expression. It is the sculpture of all primitive people that first marks the rise of culture. Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Gothic Europe all are witnesses to the fact that sculpture

was the first artistic form to emerge. Yet in America sculpture is the art least supported. Music, architecture, and painting are among the leading items in our national budget, while sculpture, in company with poetry—the other neglected art—still remains far from a necessity in American life. For this our Puritan heritage is chiefly responsible.

Neither in the American home nor in the school has there been any room for clay-modeling, stone-cutting, or wood-whittling. Many a mother has nipped in the bud the genius of sculpture in the growing child with this remark, "Don't bring in any more of that clay—it gets into my rugs and all through the house!" There has been no provision in the American home to develop any of the arts, and especially not for this one. What glorious Saturday mornings the fifty boys and girls chosen from their high schools because they show artistic promise must have in the spacious sculpture studios of the Carnegie College of Fine Arts. And their modeling certainly shows it.

Drawing is at least a conspicuous requirement in youth training—all private schools and most public-school systems allow for it, encourage it, and in some places demand it. Modeling, on the other hand, is rarely taught except in a regular art school. The number of students who enter modeling classes in comparison with those who choose





A CLASS OF BEGINNERS

Mr. Squitieri and Professor Ellis find them alert to the lure of composition in the round.

drawing and painting in a great art school like the Art Institute of Chicago is small indeed, possibly the direct result of the disproportionate demand for the three mediums; yet modeling, quite as essential as drawing in giving a fundamental knowledge of the arts, is still unheeded. Through no other pursuit is a consciousness of form and volume, the "weight" of related proportions, the mass unity of all complete expressions so learnable as through modeling. It is the most explicit way to learn the laws underlying the structure that is common to all of the fine arts.

The motor car and the modern house are attaining the expression of this sculptural quality, but most of the products of industry are shockingly void of it; and the almost lost art of pantomime in the dance, the legitimate theater, and the cinema testifies to our sculptural ignorance.

There are many children who think in sculptural terms naturally, and if urged by a sufficient genius will succeed in gaining a professional training in the craft. In fact, these are the ones who are found in the ateliers of our few but distinguished sculptors.

The current exhibition of original

creative sculpture by high-school youth forecasts some professional mastery at least, but of greater importance to this observer is the indication of a growing sculptural awareness for the new America. What is done here so successfully could and should be done elsewhere, but there is not a Professor Ellis everywhere. His vision is a part of a general plan that prevails in kindred departments at the College of Fine Arts—architecture, painting, design, and music—whereby boys and girls who have manifested a specific talent are given an early opportunity for special direction and encouragement.

The results are not the sophisticated and standardized pieces that so often come from the pupils of strong-armed teachers who make a lot of little imitators of themselves. Here are distinct individuals, thinking with marked independence, back of every piece. The principles and laws of sculpture are obviously well taught without hampering the theme and its development. As a consequence every student has had an enormously good time and has carried each problem to its conclusion with increasing enthusiasm. I have seen it equaled in children's sculpture in only one other place—the National Indus-

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

trial Schools under the Ministry of Education in Mexico. There two advantages over the Carnegie plan exist. Real material, stone and wood in large pieces, is worked directly, and there is no time limit. The child in the Mexican Industrial School starts to chisel out a work of sculpture and does nothing else until it is completed, whether it takes three days or three months.

Out of the time limitations of the Carnegie classes, however, come certain definite benefits. Whereas the Mexican child's problem is an isolated, all-absorbing activity until it is finished, the Pittsburgh child must weave his problem into the week's crowded program, the stimulation of the few hours he devotes to sculpture each Saturday is necessarily intensified, and the lesson of the day becomes immediately applicable to many unrelated experiences. In other words, it must make English composition, the music lesson, a problem in physics, and the algebra equation the easier, to say nothing of the

great aid it is to any drawing, designing, or painting undertaken.

The old-time method of copying from casts has been rejected, and I am told that in the beginning much of the modeling is done without any subject at hand. An hour or two spent in trying to model in clay a rabbit or a horse, a gull or an Indian squaw, with no example to follow is a challenge to visual memory and an incentive to observe well the things seen during the next week. The mental stimulus of this as an exercise is incomparable. When asked out of a clear sky to model a lamb, sixteen students did sixteen different conceptions of the identical subject, yet each somehow suggested a lamb. After refreshing their memories by studying an actual lamb, they were given the same assignment under the same conditions the very next week, and this time the results were not only far less humorous than the first trials but they were also so beautiful and so lamb-like, and withal such excellent sculpture



THE ADVANCED CLASS

Creating in clay has become a fascinating adventure to this group of Saturday morning enthusiasts who have returned for a second or third season of three-dimensional expression.

that I wanted to own the whole row of them. Again, a composition sketch to be done independently and brought in the following Saturday under such titles as "Playmates," "Joy," "Cold," "Little Miss Muffet," "Labor," "Wind," "Circus," or "Spring" often results in an astonishing production. It is hardly to be expected that there will be absolute originality, since the youthful mind is subconsciously influenced by example, but I have found here, without exception, an amazing sculptural sensitiveness and a freshness of approach not dictated by a teacher.

It is the superfluous accessory, the stuck-on gimcrack, reminiscent of the Rogers' bronzes and the Civil War monuments that have kept most American students efforts unsculptural. None of the compositions in the present exhibition are so ruined. Above all, they

are chunks of clay and plaster and stone and metal sprung into life. I believe that all that I saw were of clay or plaster, but some were cleverly tinted to simulate carved stone or bronze casting. There was a dancing girl—"Salome"—whose extended arms circle her head and body, repeating the rhythm of the



SALOME

By VIDA JANE HIRSCH (Age 16)



MAN WITH DOG

By JANET ROEMHILD (Age 17)

whirling skirt, which in turn clings to the form beneath. The hands are highly expressive, but are not fringed into fingers. The face is beautifully modeled, but without an excessive accent. The skirt is not an elaborate piece of dressmaking, but merely a softly flowing envelope. It is a better piece of sculpture than many a less discriminating master has made of a dancing girl.

Somehow one expects youngsters to do well with animals but to flounder with the anatomy of the human form; yet these high-school pupils of Professor Ellis' do the human figure as if they were young Rodins and Muniers. A pair of black aborigines—"Bondage"—rising from an earth mass is so stunning anatomically, so effective emo-



ABSTRACTION

By PETER JOHN LUPORI (Age 17)

tionally, and so eloquent that it could well have come from a mature mind and an experienced craftsman—such is the flame and energy of youth when released under spirited direction.

They attack the abstract with no timidity, and whether there are a few Archipenkos and Brancusis here or not, there is a fine freeing of the mind from objective, imitative representation to creative rhythm. One rhythmic piece, a kneeling figure entitled "Abstraction," somehow does suggest the squeezings from a cake-maker's frosting cone, the whole surrounding the yolk of an egg, but the boy had a whale of a time doing it. Another problem most tellingly handled was "Man with Dog." Here the spirit of Munier hovers. A variety of men and of dogs, all done with such an understanding of the character of the subject, with the affection between dog and master ever dominant, and never anything but good form in sculpture. Some of these would be highly popular in the market.

In many of these examples, ranging in height from five inches to two feet, there is some indication of the sculptural source. Yes, these boys and girls have looked well at the collections at the Carnegie Institute, yet without detriment to their own spontaneous

originality. The sculptors they have been drawn to have ever been the most enduring of the masters. Yet their student efforts are alive and contemporary.

In this present age crying for new activities, hoping to find new occupations for youth, this high-school sculpture class on Saturday mornings at the Carnegie Institute of Technology could well be used as a pattern by other communities; and where such a project already exists, much could be gained by closely studying Professor Ellis' methods and plan. The way out of the mire for most of America is through self-expression in the creative arts. The individual contribution is now the essential to occupation, prosperity, and contentment.

[The third annual exhibition by high-school students in the College of Fine Arts will remain on view through June.]



BONDAGE

By SIDNEY SIMON (Age 18)



## THE GARDEN OF GOLD



**I**N all gardens, as in this Garden of Gold, some things ripen on fixed dates. Even the birds have their calendars, and there is a little wren that comes to Pittsburgh unfailingly on the same day in every year to occupy a box home that he knows awaits him on a hospitable tree, where he can solve his family problems.

The Gardener has for many past moons emphasized a planting which must reach its maturity on July 1, 1936. Fifteen years ago the Carnegie Corporation of New York obligated itself to set over to the Carnegie Institute \$2,000,000, which it at that time paid, and to make a further grant of \$200,000 on this coming July 1, provided our Pittsburgh friends would all together make a like gift of \$200,000. Furthermore, when the Corporation learned that Pittsburgh people were making subscriptions of \$10,000 each to the Patrons Art Fund they volunteered to match that account up to \$150,000.

Now, the account stands like this: We have raised the \$150,000 for the Patrons Art Fund, making our new endowment assured to that amount. On the \$200,000, we reported in the April Magazine that it was all in hand except a little shortage of \$7,000. Since then we have a gift of \$1,500 from "A Friend," leaving \$5,500 to obtain between now and, let us say, June 15 next, by which time we should have our statement ready to send in.

But it would be misleading to imply that this \$200,000 that we have so nearly raised is all that has been done in the money line for the Carnegie Institute. In speaking of that sum we are referring only to endowment funds. Money given for operating expenses is quite another story, and the cash gifts for operation, entirely aside from the Carnegie Library, have reached a total of \$491,874.23.

One of Andrew Carnegie's cultural creations, well beyond the limits of Pittsburgh, some time ago asked the Carnegie Corporation for further endowment funds, observing that "the endowment given by Mr. Carnegie makes it impossible to make a general appeal for funds." The application was denied with this statement of policy: "It would seem to be a great mistake for any board to adopt this attitude. It took years for the trustees of the University of Chicago (founded by John D. Rockefeller) to get over it, but this institution is now one of the most generously supported in the United States. The citizens of Pittsburgh are today beginning to realize that they have a responsibility for carrying on and developing the great Institute which was founded in that city by Mr. Carnegie and which bears his name."

The policy adopted by the Carnegie Corporation for Pittsburgh is what makes it possible to operate this veritable Garden of Gold. At the time the settlement with the Carnegie Institute was made, as explained above, the Corporation gave to the Carnegie Institute of Technology \$7,000,000 outright, and promised to give \$8,000,000 more in 1946 if Pittsburgh would raise \$4,000,000. Hence each dollar given to Tech is worth three dollars, plus all the interest it earns on its investment.

The Gardener, with yearning eyes, stands waiting, to see whether he can announce in our June Magazine that he has received this shortage of \$5,500—an investment on the part of our friends that will put the Carnegie Institute in possession of a new endowment totaling \$550,000 on July 1, 1936.

With the addition of the present \$1,500 given anonymously to the sum of \$1,832,279.71 reported last month, the grand total of money gifts reported in the Magazine reaches \$1,833,779.71.



## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

*An Exhibition of the Work of the Saturday Morning Sketch Classes*

BY MARGARET M. LEE

*Director of Fine Arts Education, Carnegie Institute*



To the staff of the Department of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute the delightful "pause in the day's occupations that is known as the Children's Hour" comes each Saturday morning when some seven

hundred young visitors assemble for their drawing lessons. Arriving in groups of two, three, four or more—by bus, by trolley, by automobile, or on roller skates—these boys and girls soon form a happy queue ten times as long as the diplodocus' tail.

They feel that it is an honor to represent their schools in a group like the Carnegie Tam o' Shanters, and there is a thrill for them in competing with others who carry like honors from their communities. This common interest, this feeling of responsibility, gives them an air of enthusiasm that is contagious—and, to the adult visitor looking on, is a source of envy. He, too, would like to go into the Lecture Hall and begin his art education all over again.

When the door swings open at ten o'clock, every monitor is at his post. A girl stands at one end of the table with pencils; beside her is a boy with attendance cards. Each young visitor prints his name, then drops the ticket into a basket before entering; while in the anteroom, three pupils distribute boards, paper, and crayons as the line passes by into the hall, where they are seated by their own ushers.

The first child in the queue takes his seat at ten o'clock, the last a half hour

later. Thirty minutes can be a long wait when one is but eleven-going-on-twelve; however, the time passes quickly with six or eight fellow artists to entertain. For each week several boys and girls are chosen from a long list of volunteers to make large chalk drawings at the easels on the platform. Their hands fly over the papers to create pictures varying in subject all the way from dogs to pugilists. In the accompanying illustration one boy chooses a South Sea subject, moonlight and palm trees; one girl portrays a child playing with her toys, while her mother looks on; another boy has a special fondness for robin redbreast; while the fourth, who must stand on a step to reach the top, sketches a perky skater.

Many an adult might profit by a study of this youthful audience. Keen eyes watch the artists at their work. There is quiet but frank criticism, frequently genuine admiration, and during the last five minutes, when the pictures are nearly completed, silent enjoyment of a violin solo or a piano composition—for not a few of the children have some musical ability.

Thus the moments fly, and when at half past ten the teacher takes the stage he finds his class in an ideal mood to follow the lesson of the day—eager to be put to the test. The harder the problem the better!

The visitor to the present exhibition will immediately sense their responsiveness. There is joy and enthusiasm in every sketch of the younger children—in marked contrast to the seriousness that characterizes the work of the older group.

For while the Carnegie Tam o' Shanters, as the younger class is called, are assembling in the Lecture Hall, the



Each Saturday morning during the half hour when the large class is assembling in the Lecture Hall, four volunteer artists entertain the rest by executing impromptu sketches on the platform.

Carnegie Palettes, composed of 150 eighth- and ninth-grade students, are already at work in the Dalzell Gallery. Here, too, the objective is art appreciation, but these boys and girls are more aware of their shortcomings, keen to understand and correct their technical defects. This attitude converts the gallery into a studio of young apprentices.

It is interesting to compare the reaction of the two groups to the same subject: for example, an art appreciation lesson through a visit to the galleries during the time of the International Exhibition. The bright eyes of the younger children dart from one canvas to another; there is a hurried glimpse of the many paintings, and then a brief pause to sketch quickly, and often very skillfully, some detail from a favorite. On the other hand, the older boys and girls are more deliberate in their approach; they seem to try to see beneath the surface and to comprehend something of the artist's basic plan. Consequently, each drawing becomes a serious study: the application of an artist's color scheme to one's own composition, or an arrangement of figures and objects taken from various paintings of particular interest.

The Christmas panels, too, are very distinctive. In each class the problem is the same—an arrangement of a group of people within a given space—the younger group taking the general theme "The Christmas Story," the older, "The Madonna." The little children use their crayons with a spontaneity that reflects in their sketches the joy of the season; while the others portray in more conscious studies the sacredness of Christmas time.

It would be difficult to say what subject the Tam o'Shanterers do best, but certainly they enjoy most the mornings spent in the Gallery of Mammals. Just a hint that the cat family is the most difficult to portray, and immediately the tigers, leopards, and lions are inaccessible to all other guests. A suggestion that it is not easy to portray a good foreshortening, and instantly the young visitors squat upon the floor to experiment with elephants, kangaroos, or gazelles drawn from that angle.

The greatest interest of the Palettes centered around the two lessons devoted to stained-glass design. A friend had presented some really fine glass, and a master craftsman promised to make panels out of it from the chil-

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# THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

dren's cartoons, provided they avoided angles that would be impossible for the glass-cutter's wheel.

This was a real incentive, and his suggestions were followed zealously: they must emphasize structural line, they must simplify form as did the great Gothic designers of long ago, and they must "think" stained glass in the compositions by keeping their designs flat, with no feeling of space or overlap. Eight of the cartoons were chosen, and five medallions were completed in time to be included in the exhibition. It is useless to try to describe the pride and gratification of the winners.

The Carnegie Institute proves a particularly happy place for the drawing classes, both as to equipment and location. Most of the galleries are sufficiently large to permit six or seven hundred children to work comfortably.

In addition to the permanent collections of painting, architecture, and sculpture, and the special exhibitions in the Department of Fine Arts, there are the many collections in the Museum Department—birds, animals, Indians, ivories, mummies, and many more—all of which are fascinating to children. Then, too, the rear door of the Lecture Hall opens upon a pleasant little grove at the entrance to Schenley Park. This is an ideal spot for outdoor sketching on a spring morning. A stone's throw away is Phipps Conservatory. There, during the recent spring flower show, both classes were welcomed with the kindest hospitality. The barriers were removed, and the young artists were permitted to sketch from any angle they chose. A particularly attractive garden group in the exhibition expresses their appreciation of this privilege.



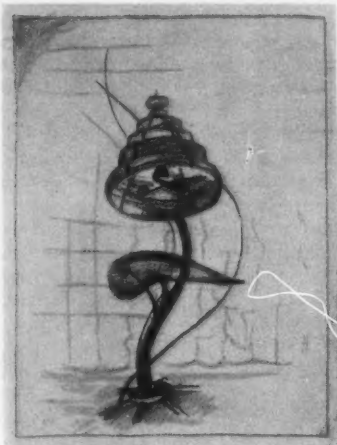
BY ROY FEAYER (Age 13)

A study in composition based upon the relationships of three spots developed into figures that successfully fill a given space, the emphasis being upon the size and overlapping.



BY MARIAN GRAPER (Age 14)

From the Renaissance madonnas the Palettes learned that by building the composition upon a triangle the leading lines converged toward the point of greatest interest—the face.



By ALFRED HIMES (Age 13)

The lesson preceding a sketching visit to Phipps Conservatory was devoted to three-dimensional flowers. The problem was to portray accurate plant growth while using abstract shapes upon which many petals and leaves are based, the whole to be a strong, clear-cut design suggestive of wood or metal.



By ANTHONY ZIAUKAS (Age 13)



By EUGENE JAOMIN (Age 12)



By EDWARD CRENSHAW (Age 15)

After some museum research an animal in realistic style (left) is drawn, with concentration upon good pencil rendering of different textures. In a later lesson an animal is used as a motif for an abstract decoration (right) in which both form and color might be governed entirely by the imagination.

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The week preceding the visit the children studied flowers by experimenting with three-dimensional forms, interpretative of the modern trend toward solidity and bulk in the elements of a composition. The objective was a drawing which would give a feeling of accurate plant growth while using abstract shapes for blossoms and leaves, suggestive of a wooden or metal flower arrangement.

This preparation is evident in the delightful studies of individual plants—particularly the potted tulips. Some chose the massed effect of an entire display. One delicate sketch of the Charleston Garden breathes the character of the original—a child's perfect tribute to the generous donor of that exhibit. In a picture of a path through the palms the ardent renovators of the former tropical display will perceive that at least one young visitor appreciated to the full the results of their labor.

The reader may feel that these boys and girls are too good to be true—or interesting. He need only remember that they belong to a selected group from the public, private, and parochial schools of the city, all of whom have been recommended for attendance in these classes by their art teachers, and that in these hours at the Carnegie Institute they are not only doing the thing they like best, but that which they can do best. Through the years they have established a reputation which the newcomers soon sense and take pride in carrying on.

Some day, perhaps, the Carnegie Institute will have the pleasure of hearing a great artist say that he had his first inspiration and stimulus in one of the children's drawing classes. Meanwhile, we consider these eager little sketchers, each of whom is a very distinct personality, special friends and valued patrons; for through the attitude of its children the spirit of the Carnegie Institute is most truly reflected. Their drawings will remain on view on the Balcony of the Hall of Sculpture at the Institute through June 14.

## THE THREE-THOUSANDTH ORGAN RECITAL

ON May 24 the three-thousandth organ recital was given in the Carnegie Music Hall, establishing a record in musical history that is without parallel in the United States.

The first free organ recital in Pittsburgh occurred on November 6, 1895, more than forty years ago, and the programs have continued without interruption ever since. To mark the passing of this date, Dr. Bidwell, Organist and Director of Music, played an all-request program.

## RECENT PUBLICATIONS BY CARNEGIE MUSEUM

### MEMOIRS

VOL. XII—The Lepidoptera Collected by G. M. Sutton on Southampton Island: Rhopalocera by W. J. Holland, late Director Emeritus of the Carnegie Museum, and A. Avinoff, Director of the Carnegie Museum; and Heterocera by Carl Heinrich, Entomologist, United States National Museum. Issued December 10, 1935. Price: \$.75.

VOL. XI, ART. 4—Osteology of *Apatosaurus*, with Special Reference to Specimens in the Carnegie Museum by Charles W. Gilmore, Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology, United States National Museum. Issued February 1, 1936. Price: \$2.50.

### ANNALS

VOL. XXV, ART. 1—*Pseudocylindrodon*, a New Rodent Genus from the Pipestone Springs Oligocene of Montana by J. J. Burke, Assistant, Section of Vertebrate Paleontology, Carnegie Museum. Issued October 21, 1935. Price: \$.15.

ART. 2—Fossil Rodents from the Uinta Eocene Series by J. J. Burke. Issued October 21, 1935. Price: \$.20.

ART. 3—Preliminary Report on Fossil Mammals from the Green River Formation in Utah. Issued November 25, 1935. Price: \$.10.

ART. 4—*Hyla Rosenbergi* Boulenger, an Addition to the Fauna of the Panama Canal Zone by M. Graham Netting, Curator of Herpetology, Carnegie Museum. Issued December 6, 1935. Price: \$.10.





## "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

*A Review of Vincent York's and Frederick J. Pohl's  
"Brittle Heaven"*



BY HELEN ST. PETER



Heaven," a sparkling romance by Vincent York and Frederick J. Pohl. The guest director for the production was Clifford Brooke, an English-trained actor, who in New York coached such professional plays as "The Circle," "Our Betters," "East is West" with Fay Bainter, and, in the movies, "The Last of Mrs. Cheney" with Norma Shearer.

This is the second time that the Drama School has chosen a play about Emily Dickinson, the New England mystic, whose poems, carefully withheld from publication during her lifetime, have gradually won recognition as part of American literature. In presenting the first, "Alison's House"—"a gentle and uneventful tap-dancing of the Dickinson family's dismayed skeletons"—the students attempted to create the illusion that the house where the poet had spent her life was so permeated with her spirit that her influence was still felt eighteen years after her death.

The second play, despite its name, is concerned with Emily Dickinson as a person and is in reality a dramatized, though not entirely authentic, biography. The characters are all real per-

sons, woven into a legend about the man who became the inspiration for the love lyrics but whose identity is still a matter of controversy. The title probably had its origin in the following poem, which, by the way, is not unlike some of Browning's verse:

Each life converges to some center  
Expressed or still;  
Exists in every human nature  
A goal,

Admitted scarcely to itself, it may be,  
Too fair  
For credibility's temerity  
To dare.

Adored with caution, as a brittle heaven,  
To reach  
Were hopeless as the rainbow's raiment  
To touch,

Yet, persevered toward, surer for the distance;  
How high  
Unto the saints' slow diligence  
The sky!

Ungained, it may be, by a life's low venture,  
But then,  
Eternity enables the endeavoring  
Again.

The time of the action extends from the summer of 1860 to the night of October 3, 1863. The serenity of life in a New England college town was faithfully simulated by the parlor of the Dickinson home, with the Franklin stove, the whatnot, crystal lamps, ancestral Wedgwood and silver, and, surveying all, a large picture of "The Stag at Bay." There one saw also daguerreotypes of the Dickinsons who had helped to establish the Puritan college of Amherst; a case of friendly books; the square piano within which Emily used to conceal her poems; and in the corner a sunny window filled with growing plants, near the side door that obviously opened upon "the end of the path

just wide enough for two who love."

As the play opens, Emily is welcoming Helen Hunt, after an absence from Amherst of ten years. While awaiting the belated arrival of Helen's husband—Captain Edward B. Hunt—they laughingly recall their playdays under the syringas and mention one of their games called "Damsels in Distress," which required each to take a solemn pledge to go to the assistance of the other in case of need. In confidence Helen explains to Emily that she is at present unhappy because of a certain coldness that has sprung up between herself and her husband. Instantly they agree that there must be another woman in his life, and Emily impulsively resolves to intervene. To her confusion she discovers that she herself is the woman who, through her letters to Helen, is attracting the dashing captain; that he is, in fact, the first man who has fully comprehended her, and who dares to invade the well-guarded barriers of her ardent nature. It is a case of love at first sight on both sides. Helen, realizing the threat to her own happiness, manages to separate the two by arranging to have her husband called into active service in the Civil War. Then Emily, already rebellious against the absurd proprieties and reticences of the family, announces a reckless determination to join her lover. Before their departure Helen makes a final appeal, ending with the kiss on both

cheeks—the secret signal between damsels in distress. This brings about the turning point—Emily's renunciation of her "Brittle Heaven." However, the wife's victory ends in tragedy, for Captain Hunt is killed. Helen retains his name, but Emily keeps his love.

Both girls who had the privilege of impersonating Emily Dickinson made the poet a charming personality, the first emphasizing the mischievous sense of humor by which she used to startle her staid family, the second being a little more concerned with her shyness. By numerous slight touches they suggested her daily routine: her concern with household tasks; her delight in children; her preoccupation with flowers, birds, and bees; her interest in movements beyond the village, such as the building of the first railroad or the progress of the Civil War. No one who saw the play could forget either her urgent need for self-expression in writing or her shrinking from all publication. Emily was one of the first women to write love lyrics in English, and yet she had no desire to become either a trail-blazer or a militant feminist. The dialogue is interspersed with quotations, which fall pleasantly on the ears of those who know the Dickinson literature, although some of Emily's cryptic phrases lose part of their effect because they are intended to be read rather than to be spoken.

Interpretation of this rôle is com-



SCENE FROM "BRITTLE HEAVEN"—STUDENT PLAYERS

plicated by the consideration that Emily Dickinson, according to her only existing photograph, had full, sensual lips, but eyes that showed a hard-won self-control. This play is premised on the fact that she fell in love, and if the part of Helen fails to gain sympathy, as it did in the first cast, the audience is left with the feeling that it was right for Emily to accept as her lover the husband of another woman. Now, the outstanding fact of Emily Dickinson's life is that she voluntarily made her renunciation on high moral grounds, and that for fully half her life she lived apart from human contacts, dressing in white to symbolize that she wished to be the "bride of the Lamb" and looked forward to the snows of death. Her determination on this course is clearly the turning point of this play, and yet it came and went almost unnoticed by the audience. Although one could scarcely expect student actors to attain the haunting beauty of Judith Anderson's self-immolation in "Mourning Becomes Electra," yet one did feel a serious lack in this respect.

The important part of Helen Hunt was admirably interpreted by the girl in the second cast; her voice was subdued but vibrant with emotion, her manner anxious and yet repressed. It was easy to understand why she should have been loved by both Emily and Captain Hunt. As for Captain Hunt, he was handsome enough in both casts to rush Emily off her dainty feet. But his part did not seem credible. He is, of course, a figment of the imagination, since the real lover is said to have been a Philadelphia clergyman, whom Emily met several years before the Civil War. If he had been such a Chocolate Soldier, one might hazard the guess that Emily's renunciation was caused by her keen sense of humor.

The subordinate parts varied in their fidelity to the originals. There was considerable difference between the mildness of the first father and the appropriate austerity of the other, between the querulous fussiness of the first mother

and the serene self-control of the other. Lavinia seemed more plausible in the second cast, because she was more successful in listening and in registering emotion, and seemed entirely selfless and sincere, like the real Vinnie. Uncle Sam Bowles had entertaining lines, which were intelligently read by both student actors; preference might go to the second, who carried himself splendidly and looked like a handsome historical painting come to life, except that he seemed a trifle too demonstrative with the "maiden ladies" of his acquaintance. Sue, who "dwelled only a hedge away," was quite lovable in both casts, and left exactly the right impression of appreciating the talent of her sister-in-law and guarding this unworldly spirit from unwelcome intrusions.

Youth and love and poetry in a college background combine to make this an excellent vehicle for drama students, particularly for the girls. Costumes are colorful, manners gentle and graceful, conversations vivacious, and conduct does not violate the moral code. This friendship of the past century has the crystalline charm of a vignette sketched in the carefree days of youth which acquires color and depth only with the passage of the years.

## CARNEGIE COMMENCEMENT

ON Monday morning, June 8, at 10:00 o'clock the Carnegie Institute of Technology will hold its twenty-ninth commencement in Syria Mosque. The address of the occasion will be given by Robert E. Doherty, the newly elected president of the Institute of Technology.

On Sunday evening, June 7, at 8:00 o'clock the Reverend Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones, minister of the Central Woodward Christian Church of Detroit, will deliver the baccalaureate sermon in Carnegie Music Hall.

## SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY



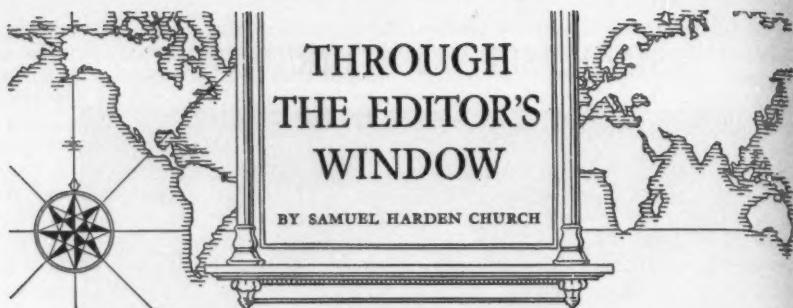
THE three hundred and seventy-second anniversary of the birth of William Shakespeare was celebrated at the Carnegie Institute on Thursday, April 23, by the Shakespeare Birthday Club, with a good gathering of the members.

Samuel Harden Church, President of the Club, made an address, quoting David Garrick's tribute, "He was not for an age, but for all time"; and said that no boy or girl in America is allowed to go through school without receiving an intelligent grounding in Shakespeare's plays, a process which, year in and year out, means an enormous acquisition to the culture and happiness of the nation from a single source—the poet's genius.

He said that although this birthday

was now being celebrated in many cities in America and in some places in Europe—notably, and so appropriately, at Stratford on Avon—our Club at Pittsburgh was the first of its kind to be organized in any part of the United States; and he believed that the statue that they were now surrounding, so lovingly and so reverently, is the most beautiful portraiture of the Bard that has ever been made.

Miss Sarabel Browarsky, a senior in the Drama School at Carnegie Tech, picturesquely garbed as Portia, then gave an impressive and thrilling recital of the ode written for the occasion by the President of the Club, and at its finish placed a large wreath of white carnations around Shakespeare's neck.



#### THE AMERICAN PEACE MOVEMENT

THE hearts of all people who meet the Biblical demand for peace on earth must beat with a sense of grateful approbation over the growing movement among the college youth of America against war, when last month 500,000 of them participated in declaring their opinions on that subject. There has been, and perhaps there still is, some misunderstanding concerning the motives that impel these young people in their expanding crusade; and when the first demonstrations for peace began some three or four years ago, some of them were made to feel the displeasure of those in authority by suspension, and in one or two cases by expulsion.

But the student movement against war is clearly not a pacifist agitation in the offensive sense of pacifism. It does not mean, in any interpretation that has reached us, that the young men of America would refuse to fight. Defense against attack is, and always will be, a supreme justification of war; and in order that attack may be avoided, it is a fundamental part of this peace movement that our nation shall at all times be adequately armed in proportion to the military strength of other nations. When our neighbors are clad in armor we must wear the same garb; and when conscience and mercy compel them to disarm we shall beat our swords into plowshares, and our spears into pruninghooks.

But war has lost its glamour. No

longer does the commander spur his horse into a hand-to-hand conflict, where the quarrel is settled on a chosen field, as at Waterloo, and peace is made to follow a single battle, without material injury to the countries whose armies are engaged. Mr. Mussolini said yesterday that a war in Europe would destroy the whole possession of civilization. And he is right. We saw that in the World War. The next war will be infinitely more destructive. A new horror has come into our apprehension from the development of air fleets with their devilish facility of spreading poisonous gases that will kill entire populations. This will be accompanied by the dropping of bombs, and then we shall witness the scene which Shakespeare so grimly describes:

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.

It seems absurd to say that this dismal wreckage could follow a declaration of war. Yet these very disasters made their scorching way across the ravaged path of the last conflict; and when universal murder is again proclaimed, all that we delight to call London, or Paris, or Rome, or Berlin—or, perchance, New York—all this will be left in smoking ruins, with the slaughtered chivalry of the world as the chief sacrifice of stupid and brutal rulers.

The students of American colleges are divinely within their rights in organiz-



ing America against war. Our government has negotiated and executed the Kellogg-Briand Pact renouncing war as an instrument of national policy. The precious boys of this generation would be the first victims of a violation of that agreement, and the girls who are now their companions would be condemned to anguished lives without them. It is their obligation to present America to the world as a great, rich, powerful, and benevolent democracy which will never fight again. Just that—never again. It was a very unseemly moment when President Wilson made his announcement that America is too proud to fight. But these boys and girls can consistently take that ground now, and adhere to it through all the years to come.

The statesmen at Washington have been giving attention to our duties as neutrals in the event of another war. It seems to us that there can be but one duty, and that is to forget all our normal rights and keep out of it. When the Senate committee was recently discussing the rights of neutrals under international law, one of its gifted witnesses suggested that in the event of war we should have to adopt Virgil's idea. He doubtless had in mind the maxim, "when swords are drawn, the laws are silent"—not Virgil, but Cicero—an easy slip to any man long out of school; but if and when the conflagration of the world begins, let us remember, in the deep pity of our isolation, when all laws lose their binding force, that we must stay at home, with our people and our goods, in the last extremity of self-preservation.

#### IS IT ART?

WHAT is modern art? There is modern art and modern art. Some of the world's most prominent painters, boldly venturing into new fields of design and technique, show us works that catch our breath in wonder and admiration; and then some of these same painters execute pieces so bizarre,

so nameless, so formless, so preposterous that we behold them as sacrilegious libels upon the just fame of their authors. Yet these ugly ducklings, when shown on the walls, have won a following of glorified disciples who stand before them petrified with ecstasy, and eager to pay enormous prices for a canvas which sober critics would not accept at any price, because it has no sensible meaning and defies interpretation.

The painters themselves are not without humor, and they have gallantly accepted as a group name *Les Fauves*, which translated means wild beasts. It is their philosophy, taken indisputably from Freud, that through a method of surrealism they must aim to express the subconscious activities of the mind by presenting on canvas images without order or sequence, as in a dream. If, therefore, we can imagine the painter in the grip of the most fantastic nightmare proceeding to transpose from his frightened senses to the easel this phantasmagoria of disordered sleep, we have at once found the secret of his preparation.

These pictures which, like the Ghost in "Hamlet," come to us in such "questionable shape," with illustrious names signed to them, are usually called intellectual abstractions. They may be justified as studio experiments, ranging beyond the ancient laws of art, in quest of color, but it is a pity that their authors do not destroy them, as Cronus devoured his children, never permitting them to mislead the foolish or provoke the wise.

A competent writer who speaks with first-hand knowledge of pictures like these has said that modern art is compounded of the infant, the savage, and the lunatic. Although we cordially agree with him, we would not put a hair line in the path of progress. Certainly every form of artistic development should be acclaimed, but only with the understanding that it shall start from normal and fundamental principles. The famous picture, "Nude

Descending a Staircase," was first exhibited many years ago, and provoked laughter. There was no Nude and there was no Staircase on that canvas. It was like the picture of a barn that was entitled "The Jersey Cow." When the critic asked, "But where is the cow?" the proud painter replied, "The cow is behind the barn!" But the Staircase painting sprang from a school where imagination soars into a stratosphere of abstraction, and finds nothing for its pains but cold air.

No architect can hope to be anything beyond a mere builder whose mind does not have a tradition of continuity back through the Renaissance, Byzantium, and Rome to Greece—indeed, back to Egypt, and back to Chaldea. When he knows all this, his sure foundations have been laid. In like manner, no painter can hope for eternal life whose consciousness has not absorbed all the masters who have escaped the decay of time. At this moment, with one of his pictures before me, I think of Gerald Brockhurst, among ten or a dozen living painters of the very first rank. Brockhurst stands safe and secure in this inspiring group of modern masters. Why? Because he follows the unswerving standards in direct lineage through Raphael, Rembrandt, Velásquez, Ingres, and Orpen; and while he, and these others, here and abroad, have shown the genius to be always new, they have at the same time shown the tradition to be always old. In the authority of their style they obscure the conservative and the academic, yet the conservative and the academic are there, like an unseen basis of gold that conceals while it protects the value of a sound currency. Art may take on a thousand variant forms, but it will have life only as it yields its soul to indestructible truth.

#### POWER OF APPRECIATION

You were made for enjoyment and the world was filled with things which you will enjoy, unless you are too proud to be pleased by them, or too grasping to care for what you cannot turn to other account than mere delight.

—JOHN RUSKIN

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